Poetry and History,
Presenting Painting,
with subjects for her pencil.

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# POETIC DESCRIPTION

OF

*CHOICE AND VALUABLE*

# PRINTS,

PUBLISHED BY

MR. MACKLIN,

AT THE

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TO THE

# LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

"WHAT Printing has been to Science, Engraving has been to the Arts."—It has diffuſed what would have been local, and preſerved what would have been loſt. By the aid of this invention the works of the great Maſters, who have appeared ſince the reſtoration of Painting, are as accurately diſtinguiſhed as thoſe of the great authors of that period.—Founded on the ſame natural principles, they are likely to be equally permanent. As long as the ideas of the Poet will be traced with pleaſure in his writings, ſo long will thoſe of the Painter be admired in the faithful repreſentation of his works. In either caſe it is mind operating upon mind; and the only difference is in the medium employed.

Firſt known in Italy, the art of Engraving ſoon ſpread into other countries; and wherever it has been ſucceſſively tranſplanted, it

has flouriſhed with additional vigour. Paſſing through the hands of MANTEGNA, RAIMONDI, and BONASONE, Italy ſaw it in its beſt period under the talents of AGOSTINO CARACCI. Germany, with inferior models, diſplayed ſuperior ſkill. The productions of ALBERT DURER, of the SADELERS, of GOLTZIUS, as much excel the contemporary works of the Italian engravers in profeſſional merit, as they fall ſhort of them in elegance of deſign. In the Low Countries, VORSTERMAN, SUYDERHOEF, the BOLSWERTS, the VISCHERS, from the models of RUBENS, and of VANDYKE, have left to poſterity ſome of the nobleſt monuments of the art. Nor is France entitled to inferior praiſe, when at the cloſe of the laſt century the works of LE SUEUR, of POUSSIN, and of LE BRUN, afforded ample ſcope for the talents, and received full juſtice from the labours, of EDELINCK, of DREVET, and of the AUDRANS.

Early introduced into England, the art of Engraving ſeemed for many years to ſupport itſelf with difficulty, and to ſtruggle with the diſadvantages of an unfavourable climate. But, like our own oaks, whilſt its progreſs was ſlow, its growth was certain. From the beginning of the preſent century it had been ſtriking deep

root; but nearly one half of that century had elapſed before it gave any apparent indications of its future ſtrength.

To what cauſes we are to aſcribe this ſudden proficiency, that has of late taken place, deſerves a momentary inquiry. Engraving, it muſt be remembered, is only a ſecondary art. The deſign of the Painter muſt precede the labour of the Engraver. Where the former has attained a high degree of excellence, the latter has never been long to ſeek. So extraordinary has this coincidence been, that it may almoſt be allowed to excite ſurpriſe; and it will be difficult to name a Painter of ſuperior merit, to whom we may not attribute his appropriate Engraver.

In the early part of the century the embodied form ſeems indeed to have been ready, and to have waited only for the inſpiring breath; but RICHARDSON, JARVIS, and HUDSON, had it not to beſtow. VERTUE paſſed the greater part of his laborious life in perpetuating baubles; and VIVARES, the father of Engliſh Landſcape, was obliged to reſort to other countries for ſubjects worthy of his talents.

To the munificence of a SOVEREIGN, the beginning of whoſe reign was diſtinguiſhed by

an attention to the Fine Arts, which has been uniformly continued to the preſent time, we are to attribute the firſt ſubſtantial cauſe of permanent improvement. The eſtabliſhment of the ROYAL ACADEMY forms an epoch in the hiſtory of the Arts, from which this country may date its preſent glory. Thoſe talents, which before were inſulated and diſperſed, were, under this inſtitution, collected into one common focus. That practical knowledge, which had before fluctuated with the prejudices of different profeſſors, was at length reduced to fixed and certain principles. The precepts of the Italian, French, and Flemiſh ſchools, became ſubordinate to the deeper reſearches, the more enlightened ſpeculations, of an Artiſt, who ſet the example by his own works, of that excellence to which he incited his aſſociates; and the genius of a REYNOLDS promoted and ſecured what the liberality of the SOVEREIGN had begun.

No ſooner were the effects of this eſtabliſhment perceived, in the ſuperior excellence of the labours of the BRITISH SCHOOL, than it appeared that talents were not wanting to gratify an admiring public with the acquiſition of thoſe productions which would otherwiſe perhaps have been confined to the apartments

of Nobles, or the palaces of Kings. Under the guidance of WOOLLET, Engraving, as compared with Painting, became a congenial, not a ſubordinate art, and aſſumed the air of a favoured companion, rather than an humble attendant. The fortunate acquiſition made by this country in the talents of a great living Maſter, enabled the art of Engraving to keep pace with the aſtoniſhing progreſs made in the higher departments. Formed in the ſchools of BARTOLOZZI and of WOOLLET, the abilities and induſtry of our countrymen have carried this branch of the Fine Arts to a degree of perfection which may boldly be ſaid to ſtand unrivalled. The truth of this aſſertion, which might otherwiſe be attributed to national prejudice or national vanity, is confirmed by the decided preference ſhewn throughout Europe for the productions of Britiſh Artiſts; and the improvement of Engraving, keeping pace with the patronage it has already excited, promotes not only the reputation but the riches of the country.

Such has been the progreſs, and ſuch is the preſent ſituation, of this elegant art; and it is the pride of the Editor that, in his humble ſtation, his efforts have not been wanting to promote its ſucceſs. In the erection of a noble

ſtructure the chief praiſe is indiſputably due to him who firſt conceived the vaſt deſign; the next to thoſe who had abilities to carry it into execution. But, in the completion of an edifice devoted to the public ſervice, the public ſentiment has at times conceded ſome degree of merit to thoſe inferior aſſiſtants who, according to their powers, have raiſed the ſcaffolding, or hewed the ſtones.—Such only are the pretenſions of the Editor; and, if it ſhould appear from the following Catalogue that his exertions have not been miſapplied, his confidence in the good taſte and liberality of his countrymen, which he has now for many years experienced, will not permit him for a moment to doubt of their approbation and protection.

# THE BRITISH POETS.

*Price of each Number 3l. 3s. Plain, and 7l. 7s. in Colours.*

*Any ſingle Print at 1l. 1s. Plain, or 2l. 2s. in Colours.*

## THE FIRST NUMBER

CONTAINS THE FOUR FOLLOWING PRINTS.

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## QUEEN CATHERINE'S DREAM.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by H. Fuseli, R. A. and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, Eſq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw you none enter ſince I ſlept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a bleſſed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beams upon me, like the ſun?
They promiſed me eternal happineſs;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I ſhall
Aſſuredly.
Grif. I am moſt joyful, Madam, ſuch good dreams
Poſſeſs your fancy.

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY VIII.

## THE HOURS.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by MARIA COSWAY, and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, Eſq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. Coloured.

Lo! where the roſy boſom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

GRAY'S ODE TO SPRING.

## SELIM,

OR THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

*Scene, a Valley near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.*

'YE Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
'And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.

'Not all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
'With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
'Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis Virtue makes the bliſs, where'er we dwell.
'Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred truth inſpir'd;
'Nor praiſe, but ſuch as truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
'Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
'Informing morals to the ſhepherd-maid;
'Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
'What groves nor ſtreams beſtow—a Virtuous Mind.
'When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
'The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
'When wanton gales along the vallies play,
'Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away;
'By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
'This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.'

Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your love ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt not the worth Balſora's* pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.

* The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl fiſhery.

Self-flatt'ring ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermine beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Bleſt were the days, when Wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.

O haſte, fair maids! ye virtues come away,
Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub, for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind' excell'd or Araby no more.

Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd-girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe, ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flow'rs that drink the dew;
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding Meekneſs, with her downcaſt eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
And Love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to Love.

Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

COLLINS'S ECLOGUES.

## PRINCE ARTHUR'S VISION.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by H. Fuseli, Eſq. R. A. and Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

For, wearied with my ſportes, I did alight
From loftie ſteed, and downe to ſleepe me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre diſplayd:
Whiles every ſence the humour ſweet embayd,
And ſlombring ſoft my hart did ſteale away,
Me ſeemed, by my ſide a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full ſoftly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet ſaw never ſunny day.

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

## THE SECOND NUMBER

CONTAINS THE FOUR FOLLOWING PRINTS.

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### LAVINIA.

Painted by GAINSBOROUGH, R. A. and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which Virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Faſhion and low-minded Pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.

THOMSON'S AUTUMN.

## HOBBINOL AND GANDERETTA.

Painted by GAINSBOROUGH, R. A. and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

In that rich vale, where with Dobunian fields
Cornavian borders meet, far fam'd of old
For Montfort's hapleſs fate, undaunted earl,
Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirſty glebe,
And pillages the hills t' enrich the plains;
On whoſe luxurious banks flow'rs of all hues
Start up ſpontaneous, and the teeming ſoil
With haſty ſhoots prevents its owner's prayer;
The pamper'd wanton ſteer, of the ſharp axe
Regardleſs, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye
His lab'ring yokefellow beholds his plight,
And deems him bleſs'd while on his languid neck
In ſolemn ſloth he tugs the ling'ring plough.
So blind are mortals, of each other's ſtate
Misjudging, ſelf-deceiv'd. Here, as ſupreme,
Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain;
Th' obſequious villagers, with looks ſubmiſs
Obſervant of his eye, or when with ſeed
T' impregnate earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clam'rous joy the bearded harveſt home.
Here, when the diſtant ſun lengthens the nights,
When the keen froſts the ſhiv'ring farmer warn
To broach his mellow caſk, and frequent blaſts

Inſtruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker chair, whoſe pliant twigs
In cloſe embraces join'd, with ſpacious arch
Vault the thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in ſtate, each arm reclin'd is propp'd
With yielding pillows of the ſofteſt down.
In mind compos'd from ſhort coeval tube
He ſucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of ſmoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he ſits, and, impotent of thought,
Puffs away care and ſorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye great!
And view with envious eye the downy neſt
Where ſoft Repoſe and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unreſtrain'd by pow'r.
'One ſon alone had bleſs'd his bridal bed,
'Whom good Caliſta bore, nor long ſurviv'd
'To ſhare a mother's joy, but left the babe
'To his paternal care. An orphan niece
'Near the ſame time his dying brother ſent,
'To claim his kind ſupport. The helpleſs pair
'In the ſame cradle ſlept; nurs'd up with care
'By the ſame tender hand, on the ſame breaſts
'Alternate hung with joy till reaſon dawn'd,
'And a new light broke out by ſlow degrees;
'Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
'Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
'And pleaſures erſt unfelt. Whene'er with cares
'Oppreſs'd, when weary'd, or alone he doz'd,
'Their harmleſs prattle ſooth'd his troubled ſoul.
'Say, Hobbinol, what ecſtaſies of joy
'Thrill'd through thy veins, when climbing for a kiſs
'With little palms they ſtrok'd thy grizzly beard,
'Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?'

SOMERVILLE'S HOBBINOL.

## PALAMON AND ARCITE.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by W. Hamilton, Esq. R. A. and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, Esq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue,
For safeguard of thyself; death is my due.
More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily:
And for her sake, and in her sight, will die.

CHAUCER.

## THE DEATH OF ARCITE.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by W. Hamilton, Esq. R. A. and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, Esq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.

He loves you too with ſuch an holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd;
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long ſuffering, and my ſhort command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

CHAUCER.

## THE THIRD NUMBER

CONTAINS THE FOUR FOLLOWING PRINTS.

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## THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

*From a Drawing in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

By H. Bunrury, Eſq. and Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

Oh, hear a penſive priſoner's prayer,
For liberty that ſighs;
And never let thine heart be ſhut
Againſt a wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and ſad I ſit
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breaſt with freedom glow'd,
And ſpurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy ſtrong oppreſſive force
A free-born mouſe detain.

Oh, do not ſtain with guiltleſs blood
Thy hoſpitable hearth:
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize ſo little worth.

The ſcatter'd gleanings of a feaſt
My frugal meals ſupply;
But, if thine unrelenting heart
That ſlender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are bleſſings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philoſophic mind
To all compaſſion gives;
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient ſages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still ſhifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In ev'ry form the ſame;

Beware, leſt in the worm you cruſh
A brother's ſoul you find;
And tremble, leſt thy luckleſs hand
Diſlodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this tranſient gleam of day
Be all of life we ſhare,
Let pity plead within thy breaſt
That little all to ſpare.

So may thy hoſpitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heartfelt eaſe
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when deſtruction lurks unſeen,
Which men like mice may ſhare,
May ſome kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden ſnare.

BARBAULD.

## MARIAN.

*From a Drawing in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

By H. Bunbury, Eſq. and Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

Last Friday's eve, when, as the ſun was ſet,
I, near yon ſtile, three ſallow gipſies met;
Upon my hand they caſt a poring look,
Bid me beware; and thrice their heads they ſhook:
They ſaid, that many croſſes I muſt prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but moſt in love.
Next morn I miſs'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a ſmock:
I bore theſe loſſes with a Chriſtian mind,
And no miſhaps could feel while thou wert kind.

But ſince, alas! I grew my Colin's ſcorn,
I've known no pleaſure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gipſies, bring him home again,
And to a conſtant laſs give back her ſwain.

GAY.

## LODONA.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by MARIA COSWAY, and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, Eſq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

ABOVE the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt.)
Scarce could the goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chaſe, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and, burning with deſire,
Purſu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chaſe.

Now, fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now, cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;
And now his ſhorter breath with ſultry air
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on Father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
Ah, Cynthia, ah!—tho' baniſh'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
My native ſhades – there weep, and murmur there.
She ſaid, and, melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.

POPE.

## THE FREEING OF AMORET.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by J. Opie, Eſq. R. A. and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, Eſq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

And, riſing up, gan ſtreight to overlooke
Thoſe curſed leaves, his charmes back to reverſe:
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and meaſur'd many a ſad verſe,
That horrour gan the virgin's hart to perſe,
And her faire locks up ſtared ſtiffe on end,
Hearing him thoſe ſame bloody lynes reherſe;
And all the while he red ſhe did extend
Her ſword high over him, if ought he did offend.

SPENSER.

## THE FOURTH NUMBER

CONTAINS THE FOUR FOLLOWING PRINTS.

.....

## THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by F. Wheatly, Esq. R. A. and Engraved by J. Cole.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame.
They, grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem
By the ſharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſovereign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,
The matron ſate; and ſome with rank ſhe grac'd,
(The ſource of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redreſs'd affronts, for vile affronts there paſs'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

SHENSTONE.

## MERCY

STOPPING THE RAGE OF WAR.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by W. ARTAUD, and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, Eſq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

WHEN he, whom even our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature, join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road,
And ſtopt his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own,
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tower.
To thee we build a roſeate bower;
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare a monarch's throne.

COLLINS.

## THE COTTAGERS.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, R. A. and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, Esq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When Heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough,
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsully'd beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil.

THOMSON.

## THE ANCIENT ENGLISH WAKE.

*From a Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection at the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by W. HAMILTON, Eſq. R. A. and Engraved by J. CHAPMAN.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

'AT length our daring men, to valour true,
'The fiery-treſſed Saracens o'erthrew:
'Still doſt thou aſk what charm, what ſacred pow'r,
'Upheld my frame in danger's rudeſt hour?
'Behold, behold the wonder-working charm,
'That calm'd my fear in danger's rude alarm:
'This little tomb, that claſps his better part,
'Where ſleep the aſhes of his ſpotleſs heart:
'This relic, as it touch'd my conſcious breaſt,
'My fainting ſoul with energy impreſt,
'Enough—ſoon as the flag of truce unfurl'd
'Its ſofter colour to the Pagan world,
'To England then I urg'd my loneſome way,
'Cloth'd in this pilgrim garb of amice grey:
'Still, as the tenor of my way I kept,
'O'er thee, O Father, fond remembrance wept:
'Oft did I ſay, while tears roll'd down my face
'(And as I ſpoke I mov'd with quicker pace),
'By Time's devaſting hand deſpoil'd of friends,
'Unſpous'd, undaughter'd, my lov'd parent bends.'

JERNINGHAM.

## AN ANGEL

CONDUCTING THE SPIRIT OF A CHILD TO HEAVEN.

Painted by the Rev. Mr. PETERS, and Engraved by Mr. DICKENSON.

Size 21 inches and a half by 15; Price 1l. 11s. 6d. in Colours, and 15s. Plain.

## THE SPIRIT OF A CHILD

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ALMIGHTY.

Painted by the Rev. Mr. PETERS, and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A.

Size 21 inches and a half by 15; Price 1l. 11s. 6d. in Colours, and 15s. Plain.

## THE LANDLORD'S FAMILY.

Painted by T. STOTHARD, R. A. and Engraved by Mr. KNIGHT.

Size 23 inches by 16 and three quarters; Price 1l. 11s. 6d. in Colours, and 15s. Plain.

## THE TENANT'S FAMILY.

Painted by T. STOTHARD, R. A. and Engraved by Mr. KNIGHT.

Size 23 inches by 16 and three quarters; Price 1l. 11s. 6d. in Colours, and 15s. Plain.

## NYMPHS BATHING.

Painted by EMACONE, and Engraved by V. M. PICOT.

Size 22 inches and a half by 17; Price 2l. 12s. 6d. in Colours, and 1l. 6s. Plain.

## NYMPHS SPORTING.

Painted by ZUCCARELLI, and Engraved by V. M. PICOT.

Size 22 inches and a half by 17; Price 2l. 12s. 6d. in Colours, and 1l. 6s. Plain.

## BLACK EYED SUSAN.

From a Drawing of HENRY BUNBURY, Eſq.

Size 12 inches and three quarters by 12; Price 10s. 6d. in Colours, and 6s. Plain.

## BLOUZELIND.

(GAY.)

From a Drawing of HENRY BUNBURY, Eſq.

Size 12 inches and three quarters by 12; Price 10s. 6d. in Colours, and 6s. Plain.

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## THE FIRST NUMBER

CONTAINS THE FOUR FOLLOWING PRINTS.

.....

## ROSALIND, CELIA, AND TOUCHSTONE.

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

ROS. O JUPITER! how weary are my ſpirits!

TOUCH. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROS. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Alcina.

CEL. I pray you, bear with me, I can go no further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I ſhould bear no croſs, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purſe.

ROS. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

ROS. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone. Look you who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE SUPPOSED

## DEATH OF IMOGEN.

BEL. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

ARV. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have ſkipp'd from ſixteen years of age to ſixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

GUI. O ſweeteſt, faireſt lily;
My brother wears thee not the one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.

BEL. O, Melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom; find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh crare
Might eaſilieſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made; but I,
Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of Melancholy;
How found you him?

ARV. Hark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as Death's dart, being laughed at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

GUI. Where?

ARV. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he ſlept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

GUI. Why, he but ſleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

ARV. With faireſt flowers,
Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave: thou ſhalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock wou'd
With charitable bill (O bill, ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corſe.

## FALSTAFF AT JUSTICE SHALLOW'S,

### MUSTERING HIS RECRUITS.

FAL. WHAT trade art thou, Feeble?

FEE. A woman's taylor, Sir.

SHAL. Shall I prick him, Sir?

FAL. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

FEE. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

FAL. Well ſaid, good woman's taylor; well ſaid, courageous Feeble; thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe.—Prick the woman's taylor well, Maſter Shallow; deep, Maſter Shallow.

FEE. I would, Wart might have gone, Sir.

FAL. I would, thou wert a man's taylor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands: let that ſuffice, moſt forcible Feeble.

FEE. It ſhall ſuffice, Sir.

FAL. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

SHAL. Peter Bull-calf of the green.

FAL. Yea, marry, let us ſee Bull-calf.

BULL. Here, Sir.

FAL. 'Fore God, a likely fellow. Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

BULL. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

FAL. What, doſt thou roar before thou art prick'd?

BULL. O Lord, Sir! I am a diſeas'd man.

FAL. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

BULL. A whoreſon cold, Sir; a cough, Sir; which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation day, Sir.

FAL. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take ſuch order, that thy friends ſhall ring for thee.—Is here all?

HENRY IV.

## FALSTAFF REPROVED BY KING HENRY.

FAL. GOD ſave thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

PIST. The heavens thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

FAL. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

KING. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

CH. JUST. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

FAL. My king! my Jove! I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

KING. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body, hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For Heaven doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf;
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the reſt of my miſleaders,—
Not to come near our perſon by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you;
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will,—according to your ſtrength, and qualities,—
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on.

HENRY IV.

## THE SECOND NUMBER

CONTAINS THE FOUR FOLLOWING PRINTS.

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## FALSTAFF'S ESCAPE.

FAL. No, I'll come no more i' the baſket: may I not go out, ere he come?

MRS. PAGE. Alas, three of Maſter Ford's brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out; otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came. But what make you here?

FAL. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

MRS. FORD. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

FAL. Where is it?

MRS. FORD. He will ſeek there on my word. Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

FAL. I'll go out then.

MRS. PAGE. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir John. Unleſs you go out diſguis'd,—

MRS. FORD. How might we diſguiſe him?

MRS. PAGE Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

FAL. Good hearts, deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather than a miſchief.

MRS. FORD. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

MRS. PAGE. On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

MRS. FORD. Go, go, ſweet Sir John: Miſtreſs Page, and I, will look ſome linen for your head.

MRS. PAGE. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: Put on the gown the while.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, SIR TOBY BELCH, AND THE CLOWN.

SIR TO. APPROACH, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo ſurgere,' thou know'ſt,—

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

SIR TO. A falſe concluſion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives conſiſt of the four elements?

SIR AND. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Thou art a ſcholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I ſay!—a ſtoop of wine!

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLOWN. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

SIR TO. Welcome, aſs. Now let's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg; and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpokeſt of Pigrogromitas, of the Vapians paſſing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I ſent thee ſixpence for thy leman: Had'ſt it?

CLOWN. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's noſe is no whip-ſtock: my lady has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

SIR AND. Excellent! Why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong.

SIR TO. Come on; there is ſixpence for you: Let's have a ſong.

SIR AND. There's a teſtril of me too: if one knight give a—

CLOWN. Would you have a love ſong, or a ſong of good life?

SIR TO. A love ſong, a love ſong.

SIR AND. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

## MACBETH AND THE MURDERERS.

MACB. WELL then, now,
Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf: this I made good to you
In our laſt conference, paſt in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand; how croſt; the inſtruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might,
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 MUR. You made it known to us.

MACB. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 MUR. We are men, my liege.

MACB. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſekeeper, the hunter; every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature

Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
Not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 MUR. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 MUR. And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

MACB. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 MUR. True, my lord.

MACB. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe love I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love;
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye,
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

2 MUR. We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 MUR. Though our lives—
MACB. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves;
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'the time,
The moment on't; for't muſt be done to-night,
And ſomething from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearneſs: and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Reſolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.
MUR. We are reſolv'd, my lord.
MACB. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heaven, muſt find it out to-night.

MACBETH.

## HELENA

IN THE DRESS OF A PILGRIM.

WID. I HOPE ſo.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know ſhe will lie at my houſe: thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her.—God ſave you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?
HEL. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?
WID. At the Saint Francis here, beſide the port.
HEL. Is this the way?

WID. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you; [A march afar off.
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

## THE THIRD NUMBER

CONTAINS THE FOUR FOLLOWING PRINTS.

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## PROSPERO DISARMING FERDINAND.

PRO. Follow me.— [To Fer.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled: follow.

FER. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [He draws.

MIR. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

PRO. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor! Put thy ſword up, traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: Come from thy ward;
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
MIR. Beſeech you, father!
PRO. Hence; hang not on my garments.
MIR. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.

TEMPEST.

## FALSTAFF AT HERNE'S OAK.

FAL. THE Windſor bell hath ſtruck twelve; the minute draws on: now, the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me!—Remember, Jove, thou waſt a bull for thy Europa; love ſet on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt.—You were alſo, Jupiter, a ſwan, for the love of Leda;—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe?—A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt;—O Jove, a beaſtly fault! And then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl; Think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windſor ſtag; and the fatteſt, I think, i'the foreſt: ſend me a cool rut-time, Jove.—Who comes here? My doe?

ENTER MRS. FORD AND MRS. PAGE.

MRS. F. Sir John? Art thou here, my dear? my male deer?

FAL. My doe with the black ſcut?—Let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of green ſleeves; hail kiſſing-comforts, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here. [Embracing her.

MRS. F. Mrs. Page is come with me, ſweetheart.

FAL. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your huſbands. Am I woodman? Ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience; he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome!

MRS. P. Alas! what noiſe? [Noiſe within.

MRS. F. Heaven forgive our ſins!

FAL. What ſhall this be?

MRS. F. } Away, away. [They run off.
MRS. P. }

FAL. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he would never elſe croſs me thus.

[Enter Hugh Evans like a Satyr, Fairies, &c.]

PET. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at door,
To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—
ALL SERV. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.
PET. Here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir!—
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?
GRU. Here, Sir; as fooliſh as I was before.
PET. You peaſant ſwain! you whoreſon malthorſe drudge!
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?
GRU. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The reſt were raggid, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
PET. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.

## FALSTAFF WITH HOTSPUR ON HIS BACK.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely haſt thou fleſh'd
Thy maiden ſword.
P. John. But, ſoft! whom have we here?
Did not you tell me, this fat man was dead?
P. Hen. I did; I ſaw him dead, breathleſs and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantaſy
That plays upon our eye-ſight? I pr'ythee, ſpeak;
We will not truſt our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.
Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falſtaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [throwing the body down.] if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelf. I look to be either earl or duke, I can aſſure you.
P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.
Fal. Didſt thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and ſo was he: but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by Shrewſbury clock. If I may be believ'd, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

P. JOHN. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.
P. HEN. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.
[A retreat is ſounded.
The trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.
[Exeunt P. Henry and P. John.
FAL. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do. [Exit, bearing off the body.

HENRY IV.

## THE FOURTH NUMBER

CONTAINS THE FOUR FOLLOWING PRINTS.

.....

## LAUNCE AND HIS DOG CRAB.

LAUN. WHEN a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſaved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog.

I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to Miſtreſs Silvia, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. 'Out with the dog,' ſays one; 'What cur is that?' ſays another; 'Whip him out,' ſays the third; 'Hang him up,' ſays the Duke: I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the poor dog?'—'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant? Nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtolen, otherwiſe he had been executed: I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't: Thou think'ſt not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you ſerved me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do?

When didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

ENTER PROTHEUS AND JULIA.

PRO. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.
JUL. In what you pleaſe;—I will do what I can.
PRO. I hope thou wilt.—How, now, you whoreſon peaſant?
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

IN FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL.

ROMEO. Ah, Juliet, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſic's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
JULIET. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words;
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.
FRIAR. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

## DOGBERY AND VERGES WITH THE WATCH.

DOG. ARE you good men, and true?

VER. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

DOG. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's watch.

VER. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogbery.

DOG. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

WAT. Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

DOG. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal; God hath bleſſed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## FLORIZEL AND AUTOLYCUS

EXCHANGE GARMENTS.

CAM. How now, good fellow? Why ſhakeſt thou ſo? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

CAM. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's nobody will ſteal that from thee: yet, for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore, diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, Sir:—I know ye well enough.

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half flea'd already.

AUT. Are you in earneſt, Sir?—I ſmell the trick of it.—

FLO. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earneſt; but I cannot with conſcience take it.

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
Fortunate Miſtreſs,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert: take your ſweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Diſmantle you; and as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

PER. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

CAM. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

FLO. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

CAM. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, Sir.

FLO. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

CAM. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the King
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.
FLO. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to the ſea ſide.
CAM. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.

*The following Twelve Prints are from original Pictures in Mr. Macklin's Collection:*

Painted by W. HAMILTON, Eſq. R. A.

Ten of which are Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A.

The other Two by W. N. GARDINER.

Size 12 inches by 10; Price of each 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

## JANUARY.

IN frozen fetters January lies,
While ſnow and hail upon him ruthleſs beat
With rugged force, regardleſs of his cries,
Or vain requeſt to feel wan Phœbus' heat:
Now on the ice-bound ſurface of the lake,
By poliſh'd ſteel upborne, the jocund croud
Diſplay their ſkill, and mazy windings make;
Some, ſkill-leſs, fall, the others laugh aloud:
While from the bank each fair, with fond ſurpriſe,
Beholds her favourite youth, like arrow fleet;
And darts ſuch influence from her bright eyes,
As more than compenſates for Sol's retreat.

## FEBRUARY.

JOYOUS, th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers

Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſen'd, from the froſt,
There, unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
While through the neighbouring field the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſured ſtep; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground.
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

## MARCH.

Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat,
There, well pleas'd, I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mixt houſehold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock,
Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

## APRIL.

Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brook,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
And whitening down their maſſy tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well diſſembled fly,
The rod fine tapering with elaſtic ſpring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line.

## MAY.

Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my ſong;
Form'd by the graces, lovelineſs itſelf;
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart;
O come; and while the roſy footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh blooming flowers.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

## JUNE.

As ruthleſs Death mows king and clown,
Both flower and weed the ſcythe cuts down,
The village maids, with fork and rake,
Of verdant graſs brown hay now make;
And, cheer'd by ale, to ruſtic tune
Chaunt their blithe ſong in praiſe of June:
But ſhould Aquarius drain his vaſe,
And in a flood immerſe the ways,
Pity, ye rich, the induſtrious poor,
Nor ſend them hungry from your door:
And young or old, rich, poor, grave, gay,
While the ſun ſhines be ſure make hay.

## JULY.

Upon the margin of a ſtream,
Fit ſpot for a poetic dream,
Methought I ſaw, beneath a ſhade,
In July's heat, a cottage maid,
And in her lap, as Sampſon lay
Reclin'd on faithleſs Delilah,
A fleecy fool repoſe his head,
There all his woolly honors ſhed!
Poor ſheep! quoth I, thou'rt but a type
Of fillier man! no ſooner ripe,
Than by ſome ſhearer made a prey,
His wealth, his health, his ſtrength decay.

## AUGUST.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameleſs gentle offices, her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;
While through their chearful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.

THOMSON'S AUTUMN.

## SEPTEMBER.

Soon as bright Chanticleer explodes the night
With flutt'ring wings, and hymn the new-born day,
The bugle-horn inſpire, whoſe clam'rous bray
Shall rouſe from ſleep the rebel rout, and tune
To temper for the labours of the day.
Fair hangs the hop to tempt the picker's hand.
Now ſee the crew mechanic might and main
Labour with lively diligence, inſpir'd
By appetite of gain and luſt of praiſe.

SMART'S HOP GARDEN.

## OCTOBER.

Hence from the buſy joy reſounding fields,
In chearful error, let us tread the maze,
Of Autumn, unconfined; and taſte reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit,
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep loaded bough a mellow ſhower
Inceſſant melts away.

THOMSON'S AUTUMN.

## NOVEMBER.

Painted by W. Hamilton, R. A. and Engraved by W. N. Gardiner.

Bleak November bids prepare
For coming winter with due care;

See the woodman lop the boughs,
And each luxuriant branch that grows,
While his younglings faggots bind
With a ſtrip of barky rind,
And load their beaſt; then homeward hie,
T' increaſe their pile with freſh ſupply:
Provident for froſt and ſnow,
And the bitter blaſts will blow;
When round the hearth they'll form a ring,
Tell tales of ghoſts, or ditties ſing.

## DECEMBER.

Frequent in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol, ruſtic mirth goes round;
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleaſed, the long loud laugh ſincere;
The kiſs, ſnatcht haſty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep,
The leap, the ſlap, the haul, and ſtoop to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpond dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter's night.

## VIRGIL WRITING HIS EPITAPH.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, and
Engraved by T. BURKE.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

" MANTUA me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nume
" Parthenope; cecini paſcua, rura, duces."

Mantua gave me birth, Calabria ſaw me die,
My aſhes reſt at Naples. I ſung of ſhepherds, fields, and heroes.

## THE YOUNGER PLINY REPROVED.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, and Engraved
by T. BURKE.

Size 18 inches by 14; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

WE went out into a ſmall court belonging to the houſe, which ſeparated the ſea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I ſhould call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture courage or raſhneſs: but I took up Livy, and amuſed myſelf with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full ſecurity. While we were in this poſture, a friend of my uncle's, who was juſt come from Spain to pay him a viſit, joined us; and obſerving me ſitting by mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmneſs, at the ſame time that he reproved me for my careleſs ſecurity.

## THE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

*From a Picture in the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by BARKER, of Bath, and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, Eſq. R. A.

Size 15 inches and a quarter by 22 and a half; Price 1l. 1s. Plain, and 2l. 2s. in Colours.

FORTH goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man: to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder foreſt drear,
From morn to eve his ſolitary taſk.
Shaggy, and lean, and ſhrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd ſhort, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Cloſe behind his heel
Now creeps he ſlow; and now, with many a friſk
Wide-ſcamp'ring, ſnatches up the drifted ſnow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his ſnout;
Then ſhakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedleſs of all his pranks, the ſturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor ſtops for aught,
But, now and then, with preſſure of his thumb,
T' adjuſt the fragrant charge of a ſhort tube
That fumes beneath his noſe: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, ſcenting all the air.

COWPER'S TASK.

## THE DEATH-BED OF THE JUST.

*From a Picture in the Poets Gallery.*

Painted by the Rev. W. PETERS, R. A. and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, Eſq. R. A.

Size 18 inches by 24 and a half, ſquare; Price 1l. 11s. 6d. Plain, and 3l. 3s. in Colours.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance
That threw in this Betheſda your diſeaſe:
If unreſtor'd by this, deſpair your cure.
For here reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd diſſimulation drops her maſk,
Through life's grimace that miſtreſs of the ſcene.
Here, real and apparent are the ſame.
You ſee the man, you ſee his hold on Heaven;
If ſound his virtue, as Philander's ſound,
Heaven waits not the laſt moment; owns her friends
On this ſide death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſovereign power.
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue peace.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

## DEATH OF LORD ROBERT MANNERS.

Painted by T. Stothard, R. A. and Engraved by J. K. Sherwin.

Size 23 inches by 17, ſquare; Price 1l. 6s.

He greatly fell when commanding the Reſolution of 74 guns, in that ever memorable action fought in the Weſt Indies on the 12th of April, 1782, under the command of Sir George Rodney, wherein the French loſt eight of their capital ſhips, one of which was the Ville de Paris of 110 guns, with their Admiral, the Count de Graſſe, on board. The action laſted from ſeven in the morning till ſeven in the evening. The noble and gallant youth in the heat of action received an eighteen pound ſhot through both his legs, and had his right arm broke by a ſplinter from the ſhip's ſide at the ſame inſtant.—Thus fell the ſon of the Marquis of Granby, univerſally regretted by the nation as well as the navy.

## THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

*From an original Picture in the Collection of Daniel Daulby, Eſq. of Liverpool.*

Painted by B. West, Eſq. R. A. and Engraved by W. Sharp, Eſq.

Size 23 inches and a quarter by 18 and three quarters, ſquare; Price 1l. 6s.

And he ſaid unto her, What form is he of? And ſhe ſaid, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel; and he ſtooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himſelf.

1 Samuel, xxviii. 14

## THE HOLY FAMILY.

Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, R. A. and Engraved by W. SHARP, Eſq.

Size 18 inches by 22, ſquare; Price 1l. 11s. 6d.

## THE FORTUNE TELLER.

Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, R. A. and Engraved by J. K. SHERWIN.

Size 17 inches by 14 and a quarter, ſquare; Price 15s.

## THE FISHERMAN GOING OUT.

*From an original Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection.*

Painted by F. WHEATLEY, Eſq. R. A. and Engraved by J. BARNEY.

Size 18 inches by 22, ſquare; Price 15s. Plain, and 1l. 11s. 6d. in Colours.

## THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

*From an original Picture in Mr. Macklin's Collection.*

Painted by F. WHEATLEY, Eſq. R. A. and Engraved by J. BARNEY.

Size 18 inches by 22, ſquare; Price 15s. Plain, and 1l. 11s. 6d. in Colours.

## THE HAPPY COTTAGERS.

PLATE I.

*From an original Picture in the Collection of Mr. John Wilson, of Liverpool.*

Painted by J. BARNEY, and Engraved by J. BARNEY.

Size 14 inches and a quarter by 17 and a half, square; Price 10s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

BUT happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentle ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
.....what is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh heart can wiſh.
Meantime a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

## THE HAPPY COTTAGERS.

PLATE II.

*From an original Picture in the Collection of Mr. John Wilson, of Liverpool.*

Painted by W. HAMILTON, Eſq. R. A. and Engraved by J. BARNEY.

Size 14 inches and a quarter by 17 and a half, square; Price 10s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

WHAT happineſs the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day ſhe ſpends!
No homebred jars her quiet ſtate controul,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul;

With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace;
Still flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.

GAY.

## THE FARMER'S STABLE.

*From an original Picture in the Collection of the Rev. B. Dudley.*

Painted by G. MORLAND, and Engraved by W. WARD.

Size 18 inches by 24, ſquare; Price 15s. Plain, and 1l. 11s. 6d. in Colours.

## THE SPORTSMAN'S RETURN.

*From an original Picture in the Collection of Mr. Edward Rogers, of Liverpool.*

Painted by G. MORLAND, and Engraved by W. WARD.

Size 18 inches by 24, ſquare; Price 15s. Plain, and 1l. 11s. 6d. in Colours.

## THE ANGELS APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS.

LUKE II. 8, 9, 10.

*From an original Picture in the Collection of Mr. Macklin.*

Painted by T. STOTHARD, R. A. and Engraved by W. SKELTON.

Size 24 inches by 19; Price 1l. 6s.

# PORTRAITS.

## LORD MANSFIELD.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 17 inches by 13 and a half; Price 1l. 1s.

## LORD ASHBURTON.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 16 inches and three quarters by 13 and a quarter; Price 1l. 1s.

## MR. MINGAY.

Painted by G. Romney, and Engraved by C. H. Hodges.

Size 17 inches and a half by 14, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d.

## DR. KIPPIS.

Painted by W. Artaud, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 11 inches by nine and a quarter, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Painted by P. Violet, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size three inches, circle; Price 4s. Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

## LORD LIFFORD.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Engraved by R. Dunkarton.

Size 23 inches and a quarter by 17; Price 1l. 1s.

## MRS. SIDDONS,

IN CALISTA.

Painted by S. Harding, and Engraved by Ogborne.

Size four inches and a quarter by three and a quarter, oval; Price 4s. Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt!

## MISS YOUNGE,

IN THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTESS OF NARBONE.

Painted by S. Harding, and Engraved by A. Birrell.

Size four inches and a quarter by three and a quarter, oval; Price 4s. Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

## ELEANOR GWYNN.

Painted by Sir P. Lely, and Engraved by J. Ogborne.

Size eight inches and a half by six and three quarters, oval; Price 4s. Plain, 7s. 6d. in Colours.

# CIRCLE PRINTS,

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by P. W. TOMKINS.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

HERE's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
The marygold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes, weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

WINTER'S TALE.

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by J. PARKER.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

FALSTAFF. LET me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't!
I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel;
I'll in.

MRS. PAGE. What, Sir John Falſtaff, are theſe your letters, Knight?

## OPHELIA.

Painted by T. STOTHARD, R. A. and Engraved by J. OGBORNE.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

THERE's fennel for you, and columbines. There's rue for you.

HAMLET.

## CYMBELINE.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by J. PARKER.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

IMOGEN. GOOD maſter, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took.

CYMBELINE.

## LEAR AND CORDELIA.

Painted by T. STOTHARD, R. A. and Engraved by J. DELATRE.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

COR. WE'RE not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:
For thee, oppreſſed King, I am caſt down,
Myſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frowns.

## MIRANDA'S FIRST SIGHT OF FERDINAND.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by P. W. TOMKINS.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

PROS. THE fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond'.
MIR. What is't? A ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about. Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.

PROS. Eleve tes yeux ombragés de leurs longues paupières:
Et dis-moi, qu'appercois tu là bas.
MIR. Ah, que vois je. Eſt ce un eſprit?
Bon Dieu, comme il regarde tout autour de lui,
croyez moi, Seigneur,
Il offre une forme bien noble. Mais c'eſt un eſprit.

TEMPEST.

## MARGARET OF ANJOU.

Painted by T. STOTHARD, R. A. and Engraved by C. WHITE.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. plain, and 15s. in Colours.

SUF. SEE, Reigner, ſee; thy daughter priſoner.
REI. To whom?
SUF. To me.
REI. Suffolk! What remedy?
I am a ſoldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's ficklenеſs.

HENRY VI.

# MISCELLANEOUS CIRCLES.

## THE FALL OF ROSAMOND.

Painted by T. Stothard, R. A. and Engraved by W. Blake.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

Queen. Drink; or this poniard ſearches every vein.
Ros. Is there no pity? None. This awful ſilence
Hath anſwer'd me, and I intreat no more.
Some greater pow'r than thine demands my life;
Fate ſummons me; I hear, and I obey.
O, Heav'n! if crimes like mine may hope for-
giveneſs,
Accept a contrite heart.

HULL'S FALL OF ROSAMOND.

## ELFRIDA'S VOW.

Painted by T. Stothard, R. A. and Engraved by Marcuard.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

Hear firſt, that Athelwold's ſad widow ſwears,
To rear a hallow'd convent o'er the place
Where ſtream'd his blood: there will ſhe weep thro' life,
Immur'd with this chaſte throng of virgins. There
Each day ſhall ſix times hear her full-voic'd choir
Chaunt the ſlow requiem o'er her martyr'd lord.

There too, when midnight lours with awful gloom,
She'll riſe obſervant of the ſtated call
Of waking grief; bear the dim livid taper
Along the winding aile, and at the altar
Kiſs ev'ry pale ſhrine with her trembling lips;
Preſs the cold ſtone with her bent knee, and call
On ſainted Athelwold.
Hear next, that Athelwold's ſad widow ſwears
Never to violate the holy vow
She to his truth firſt plighted; ſwears to bear
The ſober ſingleneſs of widowhood
To her cold grave. If from this chaſte reſolve
She ev'n in thought ſhould ſwerve; if gaudy pomp
Or flattering greatneſs e'er ſhould tempt one wiſh
To ſtray beyond this purpoſe, may that Heav'n,
Which hears the vow, puniſh its violation,
As heav'nly juſtice ought.

MASON'S ELFRIDA.

## MAY DAY, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

Painted by C. Bretherton, and Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

Now blithſom o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves diſportive play,
The feſtal dance young ſhepherds lead,
Or ſing their love tun'd lay.
Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen,
The nymphs and ſwains exulting cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

CUNINGHAM.

## DAMON AND PHŒBE.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by J. DELATRE.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

YOUNG Damon ſtepped forward: he ſung in her praiſe,
And Phœbe beſtow'd him a garland of bays:
'May this wreath,' ſaid the fair one, 'dear lord of my vows,
'A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows.'
The ſwains and their ſweethearts, that danc'd on the green,
Approv'd the fond preſent of Phœbe their queen.

CUNINGHAM.

## CHARLOTTE'S VISIT TO THE VICAR.

Painted by T. STOTHARD, R. A. and Engraved by J. OGBORNE.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

THE good old man was ſitting upon his bench. At ſight of Charlotte he forgot his old age and his oaken ſtick, and ventured to walk towards her: ſhe ran to him, and made him ſit down again.

SORROWS OF WERTER.

## THE HAPPY STATE.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by J. DELATRE.

Size 12 inches, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. Coloured.

How bleſt has my time been, what days have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſy my own;
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving is pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we ſtray,
Around us our girls and boys frolic and play;
How pleaſing their ſport is, the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me.

## THE VILLAGE MAIDS.

Painted by T. Stothard, R. A. and Engraved by J. Ogborne.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

The village maids in beauty's bloom,
With breath more fragrant than perfume,
Whoſe cheeks make pale the damaſk roſe,
Whoſe eyes a ſtar-like fire diſcloſe,
Aſſembled at the limpid ſtream,
Shew like a youthful poet's dream,
As to each other they relate
Their loves, their wiſhes, and the ſtate
(Trembling) of either's heart explore;
Leſt each maid's Strephon ſhould by more
Than one be lov'd: but all admire
A different ſwain, and pleas'd retire!

## AN IRISH VOLUNTEER

TAKING LIBERTY UNDER HIS PROTECTION.

Painted by T. Stothard, R. A. and Engraved by J. Delatre.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

Borne on the winds, impelling Neptune's waves,
Which fair Ierne's weſtern limits laves,

Tidings of gallant ſtrife in Freedom's cauſe,
America rejecting tyrant-laws,
Emancipation from her heavy yoke,
Which longer worn her ſpirit quite had broke;
Inſpiring tidings! reach'd Ierne's ear,
As ſhe lay drooping; no deliverer near!
Her languid head ſhe rais'd, look'd wiſhful round,
When, lo! a mountain nymph, with ſprightly bound,
Fair Liberty! approach'd, and, in her train,
Loves, graces, virtues, tripping o'er the plain.
'Erect thy beauteous, tho' now proſtrate, head;
'Behold thy daughter!' duteouſly ſhe ſaid.
Ierne ſmiling, bid the nymph draw near,
Embrac'd her darling, cry'd, 'I've nought to fear!
'For, ſee! to guard us, a young Volunteer!
'My ſon in whom (how rarely met!) I find
'Mars and Minerva's attributes conjoin'd!
'Receive thy ſiſter! from one ſtock ye came;
'Shield her from injury, defend her fame!'
'While, parent, I have life,' the youth reply'd,
'And to the goal of Glory both will bravely guide.'

THE

## BIRTH OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by J. OGBORNE.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

WHERE great Columbus on th' Atlantic coaſt
Erſt landed, with the Luſitanian hoſt,
America ſage, matron queen, in ſtate
Enfranchis'd ſits; while round her, glowing, wait

Her num'rous progeny, whoſe numbers are
As lunar months in the bright ſolar year:
Her aſpect youthful, though a grandame ſhe;
For in her lap the infant, Liberty,
(Child of her iſſue, but of which unknown,
Since none can call the ſtruggler all her own.)
Young Liberty! with looſen'd bands now ſprawls,
And for protection innocently calls;
Nor calls in vain; for, lo! thro' azure ſkies,
On rapid wing fair Freedom's genius flies!
With Tell's fam'd cap, (Tell's ſtory who but knows)
And fenſive ſpear againſt oppreſſive foes:
While, o'er the boſom of the blue Neptune borne,
Rich commerce pours her ne'er exhauſted horn:
Hailing, with ſhouts, the boy's auſpicious birth,
The deſtin'd lord of the whole peopled earth.

## PELEUS AND THETIS.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

## ELECTRA AND CHRYSOTHEMIS.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, and
Engraved by S. HARDING.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

'INSTANT, my ſiſter, thy devoted hair
'With theſe diſhevell'd locks, and this my zone,

'Plain as it is and unadorn'd, ſhalt thou
'Bear to our father: wretched offrings theſe;
'But, O! 'tis all Electra now can give.'

FRANKLIN'S SOPHOCLES ELECTRA.

## ROBINHOOD AND CLORINDA.

Painted by J. Meheux, and Engraved by W. Blake.

Size eight inches and a half, circle; Price 4s. Plain, and 7s. 6d. in Colours.

Says Robinhood, 'Fair lady, whither away,
'O whither, fair lady, away?'
And ſhe made him anſwer, 'To kill a fat buck,
'For to-morrow is Tilbury day.'

## MORNING EMPLOYMENTS.

Painted by W. H. Bunbury, Eſq. and Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.

Size 14 inches and a half, circle; Price 10s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

## CUPIDS AT PLAY.

PLATE I. II.

Painted by G. B. Cipriani, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size ſeven inches, circle; Price 4s. each Plain, and 7s. 6d. in Colours.

## LAURETTA.

Painted by F. Wheatley, R. A. and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

Scarce had ſhe ſtrength to get away a few paces, and faint at the foot of a tree. Luzy, who followed her with his eyes, runs up, and finds her bathed with tears, her boſom choaked with ſobs, pale, and almoſt lifeleſs.

MARMONTEL'S TALES.

## THE GOLDFINCH.

Painted by F. Wheatley, R. A. and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 12 inches, circle; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

Cecilia made the uſual ſignal, and the bird flew to her hand. 'That is charming,' ſays Floricourt; 'but he is 'too dear to you; I am jealous of him; and I would have 'all or nothing from the perſon I love.' At theſe words he attempted to lay hold of the dear little bird, in order to throttle it: ſhe ſet up a cry; the bird flew away.

MARMONTEL'S TALES.

# OVAL PRINTS.

## ELOISA.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, R. A. and Engraved by W. W. RYLAND.

Size 12 inches by 10, oval; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

SOON as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well known name awakens all my woes.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

## MORNING AMUSEMENTS.

Painted by WATTEAU, and Engraved by W. BLAKE.

Size 12 inches by 10, oval; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

## EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

Painted by WATTEAU, and Engraved by W. BLAKE.

Size 12 inches by 10, oval; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

## ERMINIA.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, and Engraved by J. K. SHERWIN.

Size 12 inches by 10, oval; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

OFT when beneath ſome ſhady grove's retreat
The flocks are ſhelter'd from meridian heat,
On the ſmooth beachen rind the penſive dame
Carves in a thouſand forms her Tancred's name.

TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

## THE NYMPH OF IMMORTALITY.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, and Engraved by D. JENKINS.

Size 12 inches by 10, oval; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

SACRED to Fame, immortal is the ſhrine,
Whence from the mount a Nymph of form divine
Comes to the ſwans that glide o'er Lethe's ſtream,
And from their mouths receives each honour'd name.

ARIOSTO.

## THE FOUR SEASONS.

Painted by G. B. CIPRIANI, and Engraved by by F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A.

Size four inches and a half by three and a half, oval; Price 4s. each Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

SPRING, AUTUMN,
SUMMER, WINTER.

## PEACE AND WAR.

Painted by GUERCINO, and Engraved by PICOT.

Size 11 inches by nine, oval; Price 5s. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

## FAME AND VICTORY.

Painted by MONNET, and Engraved by PICOT.

Size 11 inches by nine, oval; Price 5s. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

## TOM JONES, PARTRIDGE, AND THE BEGGAR.

Painted by J. GILLRAY, and Engraved by J. GILLRAY.

Size eight inches by six and a half, oval; Price 4s. Plain, and 7s. 6d. in Colours.

THERE, friend, you are the happieſt man alive, &c.

TOM JONES.

## SOPHIA, HONOUR, AND THE CHAMBERMAID.

Painted by J. GILLRAY, and Engraved by J. GILLRAY.

Size eight inches by six and a half, oval; Price 4s. Plain, and 7s. 6d. in Colours.

'HE told us, Madam, (tho' to be ſure it's all a lie) that 'your ladyſhip was dying for love of the young 'ſquire, 'and that he was going to the wars, to get rid of you.'

TOM JONES.

## MUSIC.

Painted by G. B. Cipriani, and Engraved by J. Ogborne.

Size ſix inches and a half by five, oval; Price 4s. Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

## HISTORY.

Painted by G. B. Cipriani, and Engraved by J. Ogborne.

Size ſix inches and a half by five, oval; Price 4s. Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

## THE FIRST LESSON OF LOVE.

Painted by S. Harding, and Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.

Size ſeven inches and a quarter by ſix, oval; Price 6s. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

Cœlia, behold yon pretty doves,
How ſweet they bill and coo:
Were I and Lubin wedded loves,
Should we not do ſo too?

The youth, unſeen, o'erheard the maid;
Strange raptures fir'd his breaſt;
T' avow his flame no more afraid,
Nanette he ſoon addreſs'd.

## THE SECOND LESSON OF LOVE.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by P. W. TOMKINS.

Size ſeven inches and a quarter by ſix, oval; Price 6s. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

YOUNG Lubin pleads his tender tale,
Meantime the wheel ſtands ſtill;
Nanette agrees to leave the vale,
And with him mount the hill:

Whereon embowr'd in trees there ſtands
A church with pointed ſpire;
In wedlock there to join their hands,
And ſanctify deſire.

## THE VENUS OF TOTTERDOWN-HILL.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by J. OGBORNE.

Size ſix inches and a half by five and a quarter, oval; Price 4s. Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Painted by P. W. TOMKINS, and Engraved by J. DELATRE.

Size ſeven inches and a quarter by ſix, oval; Price 6s. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

THUS wandered theſe two babes
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.

No burial theſe two pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreaſt painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

## RURAL DELIGHTS.

PLATE I. II.

Painted and Engraved by W. NUTTER.

Size three inches and three eighths by two and three quarters, oval; Price 2s. each Plain, and 4s. in Colours.

## MASTER HARRY CLINTON RELIEVING THE DISTRESS OF THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Painted by P. W. TOMKINS, and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A.

Size eight inches and a half by ſeven and a quarter, oval; Price 6s. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

'HOLD out your two hands, my poor girl,' cried he; then putting five ſhillings into each hand, 'Here is the pay-'ment for your eggs,' ſaid he, 'and here are five ſhillings 'more; though I fear it is too little to pay you for all the 'tears they have coſt you.'

FOOL OF QUALITY.

## MRS. VINDEX MEETING WITH MASTER HARRY CLINTON.

Painted by P. W. Tomkins, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size eight inches and a half by ſeven and a quarter, oval; Price 6s. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

She cried, 'I am the wife of your Vindex, your own 'Vindex, whom you redeemed from beggary and ſlavery, 'whom you reſtored to his wretched partner, whom you 'reſtored to his infant daughter.'

FOOL OF QUALITY.

# VARIOUS.

## ARIADNE.

Painted by Angelica Kauffman, and Engraved by J. Delatre.

Size 10 inches by eight, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the ſhore
Forſaken now; and Theſus lov'd no more.
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair,
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare;
She beat her breaſt: 'The traitor's gone,' ſaid ſhe,
'What ſhall become of poor forſaken me!'

DRYDEN'S ART OF LOVE.

## THE ENCHANTED LADY.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by P. W. TOMKINS.

Size 10 inches and a quarter by eight, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

BRIGHTEST Lady, look on me;
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip.

COMUS.

## FIDELE'S TOMB.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by J. DELATRE.

Size 10 inches and a quarter by eight, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

To fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear,
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove;
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

COLLINS'S POEMS.

## BELPHŒBE.

Painted by S. Harding, and Engraved by J. Delatre.

Size 10 inches by eight, ſquare; Price 6s. Plain, and 9s. in Colours.

And ever when ſhe nigh approach'd, the dove
Would flit a little forward, and then ſtay
Till ſhe drew near, and then again remove;
So tempting her ſtill to perſue the prey,
And ſtill from her eſcaping ſoft away:
Till that at length into that foreſt wide
She drew her far, and led with ſlow delay.
In th' end, ſhe her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that woeful man in languor did abide.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

## THE WITCHES.

Painted by H. Fuseli, R. A. and Engraved by P. W. Tomkins.

Size 10 inches and a quarter by eight, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips.

MACBETH.

## THE FALL OF AGANDECCA.

(MACPHERSON'S FINGAL.)

Painted by J. BARRALET, and Engraved by J. PARKER.

Size 18 inches by 14, ſquare; Price 10s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

## FAINSOLIS, BORBAR, AND FINGAL.

Painted by J. BARRALET, and Engraved by J. PARKER.

Size 18 inches by 14, ſquare; Price 10s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

THE maid ſtood trembling by my ſide, he drew the bow;
She fell: 'Unerring is thy hand,' I ſaid, 'but feeble was
'the foe.'

MACPHERSON'S FINGAL.

## RURAL INNOCENCE.

Painted by S. HARDING, and Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A.

Size eight inches and a half by ſix and a quarter, ſquare; Price 5s. Plain, and 7s. 6d. in Colours.

## GOOD NEWS.

Painted by H. RAMBERG, and Engraved by J. OGBORNE.

Size 16 inches and a quarter by 12 and a half, ſquare; Price 4s. Plain, and 7s. 6d. in Colours.

## BAD NEWS.

Painted by H. Ramberg, and Engraved by J. Ogborne.

Size 16 inches and a quarter by 12 and a half, ſquare; Price 4s. Plain, and 7s. 6d. in Colours.

## THE PARADE.

Painted by H. Ramberg, and Engraved by E. Scott.

Size 16 inches by 13, oval; Price 3s. Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

## EMBARKATION.

Painted by H. Ramberg, and Engraved by E. Scott.

Size 16 inches by 13, oval; Price 3s. Plain, and 6s. in Colours.

## BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

Painted by S. Harding, and Engraved by J. Delatre.

Size 10 inches by eight, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 10s. 6d. in Colours.

Dear Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco' fair oppreſs us.
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are ſic bonny laſſes.

Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtinted:
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

## ELYSIUM, OR CUPID PUNISHED.

Painted by T. Stothard, R. A. and Engraved by J. Ogborne.

Size 10 inches by eight, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 12s. in Colours.

Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind:
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For beauty, ſtill relentleſs, acts in hate.
Though no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love muſt be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial paſſion led,
To ſhift their follies on another's head.

PARNEL'S POEMS.

## VIEWS OF WINDSOR FOREST.

PLATE I. II. III. IV. V. VI.

Painted by P. W. Tomkins, and Engraved by T. Morris.

Size nine inches and a quarter by ſeven and a half; Price 1s. 6d. each Plate.

## EIGHT SOLDIERS.

Painted by W. H. Bunbury, Eſq. and Engraved by F. D. Soiron.

Size 14 inches and a half by 10 and a quarter, ſquare; Price 2s. 6d. each Plain, and 5s. in Colours.

1 Light Horseman.
2 Light Infantry.
3 Life Guardsman.
4 Foot Soldier.
5 A Pioneer.
6 A Drummer.
7 A Serjeant of Infantry.
8 A Grenadier.

## THE BLIND BEGGAR AND HIS DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL GREEN.

Painted by W. H. Bunbury, Eſq. and Engraved by J. Chapman.

Size 15 inches and a half by 12 and a half, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

A blind beggar that had long loſt his ſight,
He had a fair daughter of beauty moſt bright;
And many a gallant brave ſuitor had ſhe,
For none was ſo comely as pretty Beſſy.

My father, ſaid ſhe, is plain to be ſeen,
The ſilly blind beggar of Bethnal Green,
That often ſits begging for charity,
Yet he is the father of pretty Beſſy.

## CONTEMPLATION.

Painted by G. B. Cipriani, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 10 inches by eight, ſquare; Price 6s. Plain, and 12s. in Colours.

## DIVA MAGDALENA.

Painted by Correggio, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 15 inches by 10 and a half, ſquare; Price 10s. 6d. Plain, and 1l. 1s. in Colours.

## TRAGEDY.

Painted by G. B. Cipriani, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 11 inches by nine and a quarter, ſquare; Price 9s. Plain, and 18s. in Colours.

## COMEDY.

Painted by G. B. Cipriani, and Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R. A.

Size 11 inches by nine and a quarter, ſquare; Price 9s. Plain, and 18s. in Colours.

## BLACK GEORGE.

Painted by W. H. Bunbury, Eſq. and Engraved by J. Chapman.

Size 17 inches by 13 and a half, ſquare; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

## EDWIN AND ETHELINDE.

Painted by W. H. Bunbury, Eſq. and Engraved by F. D. Soiron.

Size 15 inches and a quarter by 12 and a quarter; Price 7s. 6d. Plain, and 15s. in Colours.

Scarce had ſhe told her mournful tale,
When, ſtruck with dread, they hear
Voices confus'd, with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

Help, father, help, they loudly cry,
A wretch here bleeds to death,
Some cordial balſam quickly give,
To ſtay his parting breath.

EVANS'S OLD BALLADS.

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